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THE ODES OF ANACREON

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PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS IN OBERLIN COLLEGE

THE ODES OF

ANACREON

TRANSLATED BY

ERASTUS RICHARDSON

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THE ODES OF ANACREON

A COLLECTION *of sixty short poems was published in 1554 by Stephanus as the work of Anacreon, the poet of Teos, who lived in the sixth century before Christ. They were much admired by sixteenth century France, by Byron, Moore—who has left a very graceful but free translation of them—and by Goethe. These poems are not, however, the work of Anacreon, but of Greek poets of a much later day. The text used by Mr. Richardson is that of Valentin Rose, Leipsig, 1890. It will be found that he has adhered closely to the original Greek in his metrical version.*

L. E. L.

PREFACE

ERASTUS RICHARDSON, the author of this translation of the Anacreontea, completed his formal education (except for two terms of six weeks each) in the district schools of Rhode Island at the age of thirteen. All his life he was a bookkeeper in textile mills. He compiled from original sources a *History of Woonsocket*. He published a metrical translation of the first six books of Virgil's *Aeneid*. He left, in manuscript, translations of Hesiod's *Works and Days*, the first six books of the *Iliad*, the entire *Odyssey*, the third book of Lucretius, the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, Plato's *Apology* and the Anacreontea. In 1894 he was given the honorary degree of Master of Arts by Brown University for original work in Cylindric Sections. He had the minstrel's gift of fluent extemporary verse.

The biographical record of his life is brief. He was born April 10, 1837, at Cumberland, Rhode Island. At the age of thirteen he was

forced to leave school to go to work in the local mills. Only twice was he able to afford the luxury of a term at school—six weeks in the Milford, Massachusetts, High School when he was sixteen years old, and six weeks two years later in the Middleboro, Massachusetts, Academy. For more than fifty years he was a bookkeeper and paymaster in factory offices at Valley Falls, Albion and Woonsocket, Rhode Island. He enlisted as a private in Company F, Twelfth Rhode Island Infantry, during the Civil War and was assigned to detached service as Quartermaster's clerk in 1862-1863. He served as a member of the Town Council of Woonsocket and held various other town offices. He died on September 28, 1911.

Mr. Richardson was by nature a scholar. He was possessed of a passion for accuracy. It was this which led him at first to devote his attention to mathematics. He mastered, without the help of teachers, the elementary geometry, conic sections and the calculus. It was his original work in mathematics that

led Brown University to honor him with the degree of Master of Arts in 1894.

But Mr. Richardson's passion for accuracy was not satisfied with the solution of mathematical problems. He craved accuracy in historical statement. Dissatisfied with the current accounts of Rhode Island history, he decided to write a local history that should be based on documented facts. The result was *A History of Woonsocket*—a work so carefully accurate, yet so readable that it has served as an authority for fifty years and might well be a model for this type of historical narrative.

Mathematical and historical accuracy were in Mr. Richardson's mind both subordinate in value to a still higher type of accuracy—accuracy in the use of words. His historical writing had convinced him that the final problem for solution was: "How may the written word be made to convey an idea with unfailing accuracy?" To solve this problem, at the age of forty he took up the study of Latin. The result was the publication in 1879 of Virgil's

Aeneid, Books I-VI, translated into English hexameter verse.

From Latin Mr. Richardson was naturally led to study Greek. This he began after he was fifty. It was his habit to write out all his translations—in verse if the original was poetry. Many of these translations were submitted to Dr. Adrian Scott, who had been for a time a professor of German in Brown University. For several years they maintained an almost daily correspondence, often in Latin or Greek. The translations which were the result of this study have already been mentioned. Greek remained Mr. Richardson's favorite study, though he later learned Hebrew and was preparing to study Sanskrit when he died.

All the varied life about him interested Mr. Richardson: Bird life, the robin and the oriole, the changing phases of the seasons, the identification of historical sites, activities of the local lodges and of the church. His conversion to Christianity seems to have been a reaction against ill-considered attacks upon

the Bible and its teachings. Of all these interests Mr. Richardson wrote in verse and prose that found its way into the local paper and the metropolitan press of Providence.

Mr. Richardson had that ability to express himself in fluent, extemporary verse which was almost lost to the world with the passing of the medieval minstrel. He frequently delighted his friends by telling stories in rhyme, and his verses, many of them excellent, were a regular feature of the Woonsocket *Reporter*.

But his best work was done in rendering Greek and Latin poems into English verse. His hexameter version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is characterized by simplicity and accuracy. In expressing the exact meaning of the original, few concessions have been made to the restrictions imposed by the metrical form. In translating the first twelve odes of Horace he has adapted Horatian meters to English with great skill. Hesiod's *Works and Days* in his hexameters have much of the rugged character of the original. His

fragmentary translation of the *De Rerum Natura* echoes Lucretius' solemn dignity.

Mr. Richardson had two children, a son, Charles F. Richardson, and a daughter, Martha F. Cook, who inherited her father's love for the classics, and who displayed the same keen appreciation for their beauty. She died on September 20, 1926. It is in memory of her and of her father that his translation of the Anacreontea has been prepared for publication. I have been asked to edit the manuscript. It has been a privilege to do so.

LOUIS E. LORD.

Oberlin College, February 1, 1927.

THE ODES OF ANACREON

ODE ONE

ANACREON, when a dream possessed me,
The Tean bard, saw and addressed me,
And running to him I embraced him
And on a seat of honor placed him.
Though old, his beauty had not fled,
Still he enjoyed the marriage bed.
Of wine his lip smelled, and already
His step toward me was quite unsteady.
Him by the hand Love kindly led.
He, slowly lifting up his head,
Gave me his garland and I held
The crown which of Anacreon smelled.
And I, how stupid, to my brow
Did fix and bind it! And till now
In truth my sorrows have increased
Because from love I have not ceased.

ODE TWO

The Lord of the Feast

GIVE me the lyre of Homer, I pray,
But its blood-stained string keep far away!
Bring me the cups which our statutes have fixed,
Bring me the laws and the wine shall be mixed,
So that while drunken, I dance, but control
Whatsoe'er frenzy may burn in my soul.
Then will I still while my soul is on fire
Help on the song with my many-stringed lyre.
Give me the lyre of Homer, I pray,
But its blood-stained string keep far away!

ODE THREE

BEST of painters, pray give ear
And the lyric muse revere,
While the Bacchants through the meads
Play on their uneven reeds,
Paint the cities first, where mirth
Doth preside at every hearth—
And, if parchment has the might,
Of the laws of lovers write.

ODE FOUR

To a Silver Wine Cup

O SILVER working Hephaestus, portray
Me not in the dress of a warrior, I pray.
Why combats for me? But as big as can be
A deep hollow wine cup fashion for me!

But carve on the same neither stars nor the
Wain,
Nor hated Orion—for why should my brain
Grow dizzy with watching the fields of the
sky—
The Pleiades or the fair Plowman on high?

But make for me vineyards of beautiful
shapes
Lavishly tasselled with clusters of grapes,
And the frantic maids who are robbing the
vine,
And the vat that imprisons or sets free the
wine,

Together with lovely Lyaeus, so mighty—
Since he, only he, can subdue Aphrodite.

ODE FIVE

To the Same Drinking Cup

BEAUTIFUL artist, a drinking cup
bring—
Worked in relief, as thy tribute to spring,
While unto us already the hours
Are bringing their gifts—the beautiful
flowers.
Beating the silver so that it shall be
Fashioned for drinking delightful to me.
But of the mystical rites I implore
Grave not for me one from some foreign lore
Nor a moot question—but rather produce
Bacchus triumphant the offspring of Zeus;
Cypris, the mystical queen of the spring
Creating hymns for bridemaids to sing—
And unarmed Loves and laughing Graces
Thereon engrave in sweet embraces;
And beneath a leafy vine,
Hung with blushing grapes, combine
Comely youths in bright array
With whom Phoebus may not play.

ODE SIX

To Love

ONCE on a time when making a wreath
I found Love nestling the petals beneath.
I clipped his wings and dipped him in wine
And seizing I swallowed the nectar divine
And now in my breast with his feathery dart
Forever he vibrates the strings of my heart.

ODE SEVEN

To Himself

A MIRROR take! Thyself behold,
Anacreon, for thou art old!"
The women say, "Thy flowing hair
No longer is, thy head is bare."
Whether my locks indeed still flow,
Or they have flown, I do not know.
But this I know, that it beseems
The old man closer to the dreams
Of youth to cling, since he doth wait
So near the opening doors of Fate.

ODE EIGHT

To the Simple Life

I CARE not for the signet ring
Of Gyges, the Sardian King.
Ambition never in me burned;
For tyrants I am unconcerned.
Another care my thought consumes—
To drench my beard with sweet perfumes.
Another wish disturbs me now—
'Tis for a wreath to deck my brow.
Today is quite enough for me;
Tomorrow—who knows what may be?
While now the cloudless day advances,
Pray let us drink and take the chances!
Pour to Lyaeus, lest tomorrow
May come and fill thy cup with sorrow!

ODE NINE

To Himself, Drunk

RELEASE me, by the gods! to drink,
To drink, nor of aught else to think
Unceasingly! I will be mad!
I will! Alcmaeon and unclad
Orestes, both with frenzy filled,
Their mother slew; but I have killed
No one, and drinking ruby wine
I will make mad this soul of mine!
And Herakles did raging shiver
At first before the dreadful quiver
And bow of Iphitus, and so
Ajax was made to madly glow
With rage before the sword of Hector—
But I, my foaming bowl of nectar,
And this wreath on my flowing hair
Possessing, am without a care!
No bow, no sword, have I desired!
I mean, I mean, to be inspired!

ODE TEN

To a Swallow

WHAT dost thou wish me to do at thy call? O
What shall I do to thee, chattering swallow?
Thy wings dost thou wish me swiftly to clip
And thus end the tale of thy heavenward trip?
Or rather shall I for the song thou hast sung
Like Tereus of old pluck out thy loud tongue?
Why hast thou scattered my beautiful dreams
Of Bathyllus, with such ill-timed raucous screams?

ODE ELEVEN

To a Waxen Eros

A CERTAIN youth was selling a toy—
An Eros of wax—and I asked the boy:
"How much dost thou wish for thyself, if I buy
This work of art?" and he said in reply:
In Doric speaking: "Take it away
For whatever sum thou wishest to pay,
In order that he thy knowledge may tax,
For I am not a moulder in wax.
Nor do I mean with Eros to live
Whose wishes outmeasure my powers to give."
"Give him then our pillow to share,
And here is a drachm for my bedfellow fair.
And do thou, Eros, enkindle a fire
Straightway in my bosom of quenchless desire.
But if thou maks't not the flame to be felt
Then over the flame thyself shalt melt.

ODE TWELVE

To Atys

CALLING the beautiful Cybele's name,
Some say the half-woman Atys, aflame
And frenzied with love, among the hills,
The forest depths with his madness fills.
And some by Clarus' banks abide—
The laurelled Phoebus' sacred tide—
Drinking the babbling waters, until
Their maddened shouts the echoes fill.
But when I am at Lyaeus feet,
And I am glutted with perfumes sweet,
And with my sweetheart I am glad,
O then I wish, I wish to be mad.

ODE THIRTEEN

To Love

I WISH to love! What else could be
Since Love himself hath conquered me?
A thoughtless mind at first I held,
And at his sceptre I rebelled;
But putting on his armour light
Straightway he challenged me to fight.
Just like Achilles, to the field,
With buckler, spear and ox-hide shield,
I went, blind to the powers above,
And battled with the God of Love.
He shot, I fled. But he, distressed
That no more arrows he possessed,
His very self became a dart
And pierced the centre of my heart.
And now undone, to him I yield
And hold in vain my ox-hide shield.
Love who invades my very soul
Without must baffle my control.

ODE FOURTEEN

To His Loves

IF all the leaves the woodlands bear
Thou hast the knowledge to declare,
And dost know how to find for me
The billows of the entire sea;
Indeed then I will thee commission
To be my loves' arithmetician.
From Athens first put down a score,
And add to these some fifteen more—
Clusters of sweethearts then put down
From Corinth, for this is the town
Of Achaia where fair dames exist—
And put the Lesbians on the list—
From Caria and Ionia too,
And Rhodes two thousand! Will that do?
Art ready to inscribe on wax
My loves? Is it too great a tax?
Unnamed are still my Syrian dames,
Untold are my Conobos flames,
And Crete, where revels Love among
Its wealthy towns, is still unsung.
Or wishest that I tell to thee

My Gades loves without the sea,
The Bactrian and the Indian dames
Who fill my soul with quenchless flames?

ODE FIFTEEN

To a Dove

O BEAUTIFUL dove, whence, whence dost thou fly
With so many perfumes down the paths of the sky?
Sweet odors like rain thou dost sprinkle on me,
Pray who is the mortal who cares so for thee?
"Anacreon me to a stripling hath sent—
Bathyllus, of tyrants the last to relent—
And me, for a song Aphrodite hath sold
To be by Anacreon held and controlled.
And I to Anacreon with my light wings,
Am pleased to do service in such sort of things.
And now, even now, as thou seest, with care
Do I for my lord tender messages bear.
Who says that soon he will let me go free
But O if my freedom were offered to me,
Indeed he would seek to dismiss me in vain,
For I, as his slave will beside him remain.

And what is the need for me up through the
sky
And over the mountains and meadows to fly?
What need for me ever to roost in the woods
And eat the coarse food of the wild solitudes?
When now I may eat the delicious wheat cake
Which I from Anacreon's own hands may
take,
And wine he gives me to drink, which he,
First sipping himself doth offer to me.
And I shall dance after tasting these things,
And cover his face with my delicate wings
Being lulled to sleep by Anacreon's lyre,
To rest undisturbed by a single desire—
Thou hast the whole, O fellow,—now go!—
Thou hast made me to chatter like any old
crow.

ODE SIXTEEN

To a Maid

COME, most excellent of artists,
Best of artists and the master
Of the Rhodean art unequalled!
Draw the absent one, my charmer,
As to thee I will describe her.
Draw her hair for me, the first thing—
Her soft locks of sensate blackness,
And, if wax can catch their glory,
Draw them also breathing perfume.
And draw out of her whole profile,
Underneath her jet-black tresses
Peeping forth, her ivory forehead.
But the space between her eyebrows,
Cut not, nor confuse, for my sake,
But like hers let it possess an
Imperceptible commingling
With the black arch of her eyebrows.
But her eye, indeed now truly
Make from fire, at once as gleaming
As the orb of stern Athene,
And as Cytherea's melting.

Draw her nostrils and her soft cheek
Mingling as t'were milk and roses.
Draw her lips such as Persuasion's
When to kiss she gives a challenge.
And within her dainty dimples
Round her neck of snowy whiteness
All the Charities should hover.
Dress the rest of her with somewhat
Purplish robes, but half concealing,
But not shaming her fair person—
But refrain! For I behold her!
Ah, perhaps the waxen image
Is herself, ah speak, O Maiden!

ODE SEVENTEEN

To Bathyllus, the Younger

THUS for me draw thou Bathyllus,
My companion, as I teach thee.
Make indeed his lower ringlets
Shining and as dark as midnight,
But those on the summit sun-touched,
Free, with curling locks for my sake.
Fashion them with braids dishevelled,
Falling down in sweet disorder
Also let his fine and dewy
Eyebrows crown his forehead with a
Hue more glossy than the Dragon's.
Let his eye be black and dreadful,
But with gentleness be blended—
This from Ares drawn, and that from
Cytherea. While you fear the
Glance of Ares, Cytherea's
Holds you in suspense atremble
But his fair and downy cheek, make
Rosy hued just as an apple.
And his blush of bashful boyhood,
Make if thou hast power to hit it.

But his lip, no longer know I
In what way thou mayest fashion
That sweet burden of Persuasion—
Let the moulded wax reveal it
Speaking though enwrapt in silence.
Next his face let there be fashioned
Smooth, an ivory neck surpassing
Even that of fair Adonis.
But the space between his shoulders
Grace with Hermes' double pinions
And the thighs of Pollux give him
And a Dionysian person
But below his dainty thighs, his
Thighs the fire of youth possessing
Make thou smooth his secret members
For the Paphian rites propitious.
Oh, an envious craft thou wieldest
Since to show his back thou couldst not.
But this is by far the better.
To describe his feet, why need I?
Take as pay whate'er thou sayest
But the statue of Apollo
Taking down, make a Bathyllus
And if e'er thou go'st to Samos
From Bathyllus draw a Phoebus.

ODE EIGHTEEN

An Ode of Love

GRANT, O ladies, give me leave to
Drink of Bromius without stopping.
For already from the sun's heat
Having been betrayed, I languish:
Give me of the flowers of Bromius
With which I may weave me garlands
For my brow, to sooth its burning.
But my heart, how may I guard it
From the fever of the passions?
By the shadow of Bathyllus
Do I sit. The tree is lovely.
It hath waved its dainty leaflets
On its tenderest little tendril—
But beside them now is chafing
The soft rippling of Persuasion.
Who, beholding it, would pass by
Such a halting place as this is?

ODE NINETEEN

To Love

HAVING Eros bound with garlands,
Him, the Muses gave to Beauty.
Cytherea then with ransoms
Sought her dear child to release him.
But if anyone would free him
He would stay and would not follow,
For indeed he had been tutored
And was pleased to be in bondage.

ODE TWENTY

Another Ode to Love

SWEET strained Anacreon tuneth his strings
And lovely voiced Sappho a symphony sings,
This Pindaric music (whatever it be)
Let anyone mingle and pour out for me.
Three things above everything else shall entice us,
The glorious coming of mad Dionysus
The radiant Paphia gliding anigh
And Eros himself to drain the cup dry.

ODE TWENTY-ONE

THE dark earth drinks; in turn the
woods
Imbibe the earth; the mountain floods
The sea drinks—so on, one by one,
The sun, the sea; the moon, the sun:—
O friends, you are unjust, I think
To chide me that I too would drink!

ODE TWENTY-TWO

To a Maid

TANTALUS' daughter once did stand
A stone amidst the Phrygian land,
And Pandion's child no youth could follow
For she, a bird, flew as a swallow—
But I, a looking glass would be
That thou might'st always smile on me;
Or tunic, that thy slender waist
By me would ever be embraced;
Or water I would be, that I
Thy radiant form might glorify;
Or perfume that I might pervade
Thy presence, O thou cruel maid!
Or of thy breasts a zone, or pearl
To touch thy neck, thou lovely girl;
Or sandal I would gladly be
If but thy feet would tread on me.

ODE TWENTY-THREE

To the Lyre

INDEED it is my wish to sing
Atrides and the Cadmeian King.
But on its strings my lyre alone
To love brings a responsive tone.
Of late I changed the strings entire—
Nay more, I tuned another lyre—
And then at last the deeds I sung
Of Heracles. But Love among
Its echoes howsoe'er I'd try
Would always answer in reply.
Farewell, ye heroes! Sweet desire
Can only thrill my wayward lyre.

ODE TWENTY-FOUR

A Love Poem

KIND Nature tender of their needs
Gave horns to bulls, and hoofs to steeds,
Fleetness to hares, and did bequeath
To lions a yawning gulf of teeth,
To fish, the power to stem the tide,
To birds, the gift the winds to ride.
And prudence grave she gave to men—
But unto women, naught! What then?
Beyond all spears and warlike shields
She gave her beauty! This she wields
And conquers—since no mortal arms
Can stand before a woman's charms.

ODE TWENTY-FIVE

To a Swallow

IN very truth, dear swallow
As the years each other follow
Flitting back and forth as to thee seemeth
best;
Thou dost come in summer here,
And dost go in winter drear
To Memphis or the Nile to weave thy nest.

But Eros weaves forever
In my heart his dwelling clever,
And Desire and he flit through me without
sleep—
Still an egg is this one sleeping
And, half hatched is that one peeping
And ever do the wide-mouthed chickens peep.

And the young the elders feed,
And these grow up indeed
Begetting others, what help may there be?
For no power around me hovers
To resist so many lovers
And sufficient strength doth not remain in me.

ODE TWENTY-SIX

Another Love Poem

THOU tellest me of Theban things;
Homer in turn unto us sings
Concerning Phrygian battle cries;
But I mourn my captivities.
No courser has destroyed me, nor
A footman, nor a ship of war—
Another new-come soldiery
Is with its eyes now shooting me.

ODE TWENTY-SEVEN

UPON their loins do horses wear
The marks engraved thereon by fire,
And by their turbans, friend or foe,
The men of Parthia may know.
But those who love I know direct,
And seeing I the flame detect
Which from their souls sends forth a spark
More plain than the engraver's mark.

ODE TWENTY-EIGHT

To an Arrow

CYTHERA'S lord at the Lemnian flues
Was making arrows for lovers to use
Making the darts out of well-tempered steel
Whose sting full many a lover should feel—
And Venus with honey was dipping them all
Which Cupid, her baby, was mixing with gall.
Here Mars once came from the battle shout
Swinging his ponderous war spear about
And—how could he be so short sighted and stupid?—
He scornfully laughed at the arrows of Cupid.
But Cupid replied: "Take this one and try it!
'Tis heavy, I think, and thou wilt not deny it!"
Then Ares took hold of the light seeming shaft—
And turning her head the fair Cyprian laughed;
But groaning aloud Mars sadly confessed:
"Indeed it is heavy! Desist from thy jest!

And take back the thing, thou mischievous
elf!"
But Cupid replied: "O keep it thyself!"

ODE TWENTY-NINE

AH, not to love is hard to endure,
And love is a difficult illness to cure,
But far more grievous than all is the pain
For the lover who loves, but loveth in vain.
Naught, in these days to a lover, is birth,
She tramples on character, wisdom and worth,
And even from Love's golden presence she turns
And only for silver devotedly yearns.
O would that he who first stupidly cherished
A love for silver had wretchedly perished.
For its sake no brother, no children, we prize,
And murders and wars through its worship arise.
But worst of all, round the cold image hovers
A phantom destructive to us, who are lovers.

ODE THIRTY

A Dream

I SEEMED in a dream to rapidly speed
With wings on my shoulders. But Eros
indeed,
Though round his beautiful little feet
Was a leaden weight, cut short my retreat.
For he, pursuing, soon caught up with me.
O what can the meaning of this vision be?

I, for my part, consider that I,
Wandering through many lovers slipped by
The others, till finally chancing to miss one,
Was bound hand and foot in my blindness to
this one.

ODE THIRTY-ONE

Another Love Poem

EROS, with his purple wand
Having cudgelled me beyond
Endurance, with his mocking face
Challenged me to run a race.
Running through the mountain scenes,
Thickets, floods and dark ravines.
Sweat chafed me, and up to my nose,
Ceasing to beat my heart arose.
With his pinions soft, the child
Fanning my forehead, sadly smiled
Said he to me in accents low
"Thou hast not power to love—ah no!"

ODE THIRTY-TWO

Another Love Poem

UPON myrtles delicate spread,
With grasses and lotuses under my head
I wish to drink thy health. But thou,
O Eros, binding thy tunic up now
Over thy neck with papyrus-twine,
Pour out for me the glorious wine.
For like the wheels of a chariot roll
Our lives away to their destined goal,
And we shall be laid with the lifeless stones
A little dust of mouldering bones.
Why shouldst thou anoint my funeral mound,
And incense waste on the speechless ground?
But while I am living, anoint me instead,
Anoint me while I can cover my head
With roses entwined with the locks of my hair
And while I can call my lady love fair.
O Eros, my cares to the winds I would throw
Before I unite with the chorus below.

ODE THIRTY-THREE

ONCE at midnight when the Wain
Had to Bootes rolled its train
And all the tribes of speaking men
O'ercome by toil were resting; then
Did Eros standing at the gate before
Knock at the fastenings of my door.
"Who shakes my door," said I, "and cleaves
The dreams that sleep around me weaves?"
This Eros said: "A child is here
Open the door and do not fear,
For I am wet in sorry plight
From straying through the moonless night."
This hearing, I pitied the pleading tramp,
And having straightway lit a lamp,
I opened the door to the cry of need,
And lo, I saw an infant indeed.
A babe with wings stood full in view—
With wings, a bow and a quiver too.
Near the hearth I made him recline,
I warmed his hands in the palms of mine,
I squeezed from his hair the icy tide,
And when the cold he had put aside

He said: "Come, let us try this bow
To see if at all, now, whether or no,
The wetting by rain has hurt my string."
Then he drew and hit me just as a sting
In the midst of my heart. I felt the pang
And heard his laugh as up he sprang,
Exclaiming: "Stranger, rejoice with me!
Indeed my bow was unharmed, but see!
Lo thou thyself dost feel the smart,
That ever will burn, of a wounded heart!"

ODE THIRTY-FOUR

To a Cricket

WE believe thee blest, O cricket,
When amid the leafy thicket,
Having drunk the little dew,
Which the morning Zephyrs brew,
Thou unto thy mate dost sing
Happy as the proudest king.
For whatever thou dost see
In field or wood belongs to thee—
Loved by those who till the soil,
Since thou harmest not their toil;
Loved by all, since thou dost sing
The prophecies of balmy spring—
E'en the very gods above thee—
Phoebus and the Muses love thee!
For he with a sweet voice graced thee,
Nor permits old age to waste thee.
O wise earth born! cheerful song
To thee ever doth belong.
Bloodless, without pain or smart,
Almost like a god thou art.

ODE THIRTY-FIVE

To Love

CUPID midst the roses lay
Where the bees are wont to stray.
But not long he there did linger
For one stung him on the finger.
Running and extending wide
His hands to Venus, thus he cried:
"Mother, I perish!" thus he said—
"I perish and will soon be dead!
A serpent small, who weareth wings,
A serpent which both flies and stings—
One which the rustics call a bee,
O mother dear, hath bitten me!"
But she replied: "Ah, if this sting
So small can cause such suffering;
O Cupid, dost thou think how much
Those suffer, whom thine arrows touch?"

ODE THIRTY-SIX

To a Miser

IN truth, if Pluto did for gold
Mortals allow their life to hold,
Then for so gracious a permit
I had been steadfast guarding it,
So that should death approach he might
First seize my gold and then take flight.
But if it is forbid, that I,
A mortal, life may purchase, why
Shall I at destiny complain
And also utter sighs in vain?
For if to die is fate's decree
What use indeed is gold to me?
To taste, to drink the ruddy wine
With friends should be the choice of mine,
And on the couches soft with mighty
Love to conquer Aphrodite.

ODE THIRTY-SEVEN

A Dream

ON sea purple blankets I slumbering lay
Throughout the night—for indeed
through the day
Lyaeus upon me had merrily beamed—
And I on the tips of light pinions then seemed
To stretch away a swift course o'er the glades
Pursuing the gay and frolicsome maids.
But youths, who were far more tender and
soft
Than Lyaeus himself, reviled me and scoffed,
And heart vexing things unto me were crying
Because of those beauties to whom I was
flying.
And wishing now to embrace one, instead
They all from my sweet sleep vanished and
fled—
And then forsaken—most wretched of men,
I wished to fall into slumber again.

ODE THIRTY-EIGHT

A Drinking Party

JOYOUS let us drink our wine
And praise the giver of the vine—
Him, who the choral dance designed,
Who longs for singing, and whose mind
Unto the Loves approacheth nearest
To Cytherea he is dearest.
Through him is revelry and mirth,
Through him good fellowship had birth,
Through him with grief we cease to weep,
Through him distress is put to sleep—
Therefore this glorious drink prepare
Which joyous youths to us should bear.
Grief will have flown then from our mind
And mingled with the swirling wind.
Therefore, this nectar let us take
And these anxieties forsake.
For what gain can there be to thee
To suffer from anxiety?
What is in store for us, who knows?
To mortals, life uncertain flows.
I wish to dance when drunk with wine,

And sing when I with ointment shine,—
And mingle too with women fair
Let sober thoughts then be a care
To those of us who are inclined
To keep distressing thoughts in mind—
O praise the giver of the vine
And joyous let us drink our wine.

ODE THIRTY-NINE

To Himself
or
To an old Companion

THE choral dancer, young and old,
With equal tenderness I hold.
But if an old man joins the dance
His hair reveals his age perchance—
But this alone!—For he among
Gay scenes, in spirit still is young!

ODE FORTY

To Himself

SINCE I, a mortal, chanced to tread
Life's beaten track, how time has sped!
I know the journey hath begun
But know not what I have to run!
Ye thoughts, release me! Let there be
Nothing between yourselves and me!
Before to me shall come the end,
The song, the laugh and dance shall blend
Together with the fair Lyaeus
And these from somber thoughts shall free
us!

ODE FORTY-ONE

To Spring

O IT is sweet to ramble where
The meadows wave and zephyrs bear
Their whispered messages to me—
And O it is most sweet to see
The Bacchic vine twig 'neath whose shade
I enter with the tender maid
Who doth exhale—indeed how sweet!—
The panting breath of Love complete.

ODE FORTY-TWO

To Love

THE choral dances indeed I court
Of Dionysus, the lover of sport,
And when he has grown to man's estate
To play the lyre with a drinking mate.
But most of all, when my temples are
crowned
With wreaths of hyacinths twined around,
To play with the maidens is my delight—
I know that my heart is unsullied with spite,
I know that no heart-rending jealousy tears
My soul with its tempest and whirlwind of
cares,
And that I have shunned, my fellows among,
The nimble dart of the slanderous tongue,
Detesting ever the drunken brawls
Of revellers feasting in riotous halls.
To dance the choral is my desire
With maidens fair to the strain of the lyre,
And far remote from care and strife
To live a calm and peaceful life.

ODE FORTY-THREE

To Love

WHEN rosy garlands my temples entwine
Let us make merry with mirth-giving wine.
For to the lyre the fairest of maids,
With delicate ankles and ivy-wreathed braids
Of hair, is dancing with Bacchic wands
Which quiver aloft in her beautiful hands.
And a fair-haired youth at the same time sings—
And his perfumed breath and the pulsing strings
Of his Lydian harp in harmony meet
And fill the echoes with melody sweet—
And golden locked Eros, and Bacchus fair,
And beautiful Venus, all are there,
Rejoicing the glad merrymaking to grace
And the wrinkles of Time from the old to efface.

ODE FORTY-FOUR

To a Rose

THE rose of the Loves who forever entice us
O let us mix for divine Dionysus!
The rose, the beautiful petaled gem,
To our temples fixed like a diadem,
Let us drink thereto, and while we quaff
The nectar, join in a delicate laugh,
Rose, darling of spring time! So dear to my sight!
Rose, which to the gods is an endless delight!
And with which the offspring of Venus fair
Dear Cupid surrounds his luxuriant hair!
The dance having joined with the Graces, inspire
And crown me, then I will play on my lyre!
Beside thy shrines, with a full-breasted maid
My vows, O Bacchus, to thee shall be paid.
And having been decked with roses sweet,
I will dance the chorus with joyous feet.

ODE FORTY-FIVE

To Wine

WHENE'ER I drink glad wine, my woes
Retreat and sink into repose.
For groans or toils what care have I?
For anxious thoughts why waste a sigh,
If at my wish death stays away?
Through life why do I go astray?
The nectar of Lyaeus fair
Then let us drink and banish care.
And with him drinking, in our breast
Our anxious thoughts will sink to rest.

ODE FORTY-SIX

To Spring

BEHOLD when Spring herself discloses,
The Charities burst into roses.
See how the billows of the sea
Are softened to serenity.
See how the duck dives out of sight
And how the crane doth make his flight.
Yet Titan hath but briefly shone
But see, from off the skies have flown
The shadows of the clouds, and lo,
The works of mortals brightly show.

ODE FORTY-SEVEN

To Himself

I AM an old man! 'Tis the soberest truth!
And yet I drink more than the merriest youth.
And if for dancing existeth a need
Like old Silenus, then I, indeed,
Down through the centre will gaily advance
Holding a bottle of wine in the dance
Like a sceptre before me, for then will be
The reed-wand of no use whatever to me.
For if one is present who wishes to fight,
Let him fight! But in fighting I take no delight.
O then, my boy, bring the goblet of mine
And mix in it freely the honey-sweet wine!

ODE FORTY-EIGHT

To a Tippler

WHENEVER Bacchus doth enter my
breast
The cares of life sink down to rest;
Seeming the riches of Croesus to hold
I fain would sing with sweetness untold,
And crowned with ivy in restfulness sweet
In fancy I trample the world 'neath my feet.
To arms, if you will, if this you enjoy—
But I will drink!—Bring my goblet, my boy!
For I am far better resting and drinking,
Than he who is dying in arms, I am thinking!

ODE FORTY-NINE

To Dionysus

BACCHUS, who from Zeus did spring,
The care-relaxing god, I sing:—
Whenever this giver of wine perchance
Gets into my spirits, the choral dance
He teacheth me. And something sweet
And joyous do my lips repeat
With rattling noises and with songs
Of what to revelry belongs.
And Venus gladdens me, and then
The dance I wish to dance again.

ODE FIFTY

To a Drinking Bout

1

WHEN I drink the wine, ah then
My heart becomes restored again,
And it begins without excuses
To warble lyrics to the Muses.

2

When I drink wine, careless and gay
My anxious cares are thrown away,
And thoughtful plans, at any cost,
To the gates of the roaring sea are tossed.

3

When wine I drink, then Bacchus, who
Loves sport and youth and passion too,
Brightened with wine doth fondly take me
And midst the blooming vines doth shake me.

4

When I drink wine, perfumed with flowers,
And weave me wreaths in joyous hours,

I put them on my head like a king
And the charms of a quiet life I sing.

5

When I drink wine my bliss is complete,
Having bathed my body with ointment sweet;
And holding fast a maid in my arms,
I sing of the Cyprian's matchless charms.

6

When I drink the wine, beneath
The curved cup and my rosy wreath,
Losing most of my reason, in truth,
I am filled with delight by a troop of youth.

7

When I drink the wine, alone,
Alone to me is the profit known—
Then seizing the cup away I shall fly,
For the common lot of all is to die.

ODE FIFTY-ONE

To a Maid

O LOVELY maid turn not from me
Because my grey hair thou dost see,
Because youth's light on thee doth shine
Do not reject these gifts of mine.
Even with garlands, notice whether
Lilies and roses blend together—
The roses shine with sweeter light
When twined in wreaths with lilies white.

ODE FIFTY-TWO

To a Care Free Life

WHY dost thou the riches of the orators teach
And tell me the precepts of eloquent speech?
What is the worth of such lessons to me
Which help me not in the slightest degree?
If from the troubles of life thou wouldst free us
Teach me to quaff the sweet draughts of Lyaeos.
While grey hairs are crowning my head, I pray,
Teach me with bright Aphrodite to play.
Boy, bring me water and pour me wine
And lull to repose this spirit of mine.
Thou wilt bury me shortly when life doth cease
Then I'll have not a care—for the dead are at peace.

ODE FIFTY-THREE

To Himself

WHENEVER I gaze on a youthful train
My long lost youth comes back again.
Then, truly, then to the dance I spring
And I, the old man, am set on the wing.
Come, Cybele, and me inspire,
For to be crowned is my fondest desire!
But grizzled old age keep far away,
For a youth with youths I will dance today!
O let some maid of the gay Dionysus
Bring on the vintage streams to entice us,
That she may see the old man is not weak—
And that indeed he has learned to speak;
And having learned to drink his fill
"Can play the fool right gracefully still."

ODE FIFTY-FOUR

To Europa

THIS glorious bull, my boy, to me
Doth seem a picture of Zeus to be.
We know the region from whence he came,
For he bears on his back the Sidonian dame.
And he passes the sea, so stormy and wide
And stems with his hoofs the billowy tide.
Ah, no other bull driven forth from his own
Could have swum through the sea except this
one alone.

ODE FIFTY-FIVE

To a Rose

AMID the garlanded season grows
My tenderest burden, the delicate rose.
'Tis my delight in the hours of spring
With a lovely companion beside me to sing.
For this is the breath of the gods, and
breathes
Sweet incense to mortals from Bacchanal
wreaths;
This is to the Graces in season a joy;
To every fond lover 'tis a Cyprian toy
And this fond object my utt'rance unlooses,
For it is the favorite flower of the Muses.
O it is sweet the effort to make
From thorny byways the blossom to take,
And sweet, having seized the fair captive, to
press
It close to our hearts with a tender caress,
Preserving the gift of our sweethearts un-
harmed.
Ah rosy-tipped Eos, and Nymphs rosy-armed

And rose-colored Venus, should be by the wise
Invoked by this name, which all beauty implies
And e'en to the thoughtless it is a delight.
What if, when feasting is at its height,
And the god of wine reigns jocund and free,
The rose apart from the feasting should be?
And this brings relief to the sufferer's bed;
And even dark shadows wards off from the dead
Long time preserving the speechless clay
From the terrible tooth of relentless decay.
But the old age of roses is stripped of its gloom
For then do they shed forth their sweetest perfume.
Come now, let us sing of the beautiful birth
Of this child of the gods and delight of the earth;
When wet with the dews of her watery home
Aphrodite the sea-born emerged from its foam,
And Athena the goddess of war did spring

From the head of the mighty Olympian King,
And Zeus to Olympus his dread offspring
sent,
Then the shoot of the wonderful rose first
bent
With its precious weight, and the cold earth
smiled
On the god-like form of the beautiful child.
Thus perfumed and colored with nectar was
born
The rose to blush from the sheltering thorn
Or in the wreath of Lyaeos to shine
A glorious blossom from gardens divine.

ODE FIFTY-SIX

To Dionysus

THE god who renders the youth unshrinking
From weary labors, and fearless in drinking,
And makes him a beautiful dancer when
Inspired with drinking, has come again—
A gentle love-producing spell—
To mortal men, and supplying well
Their longings that no one may grieve and repine—
The bounteous wine—the sweet fruit of the vine
Now in the womb of autumn it sleeps,
But he on the branches his vigil keeps,
That when they cut the clusters, the wine
May keep the vintners from fate malign
Unharmed and joyous with spirits sweet
Until another glad year is complete.

ODE FIFTY-SEVEN

To a Relief of Aphrodite on a Discus

WHOSE hand engraved the sea and poured
Upon the deck a frenzied horde
Of mad tempestuous billows? Who
With crafty chisel brought to view
Upon the back of the restless sea
The tender Cyprian? Verily he
Of loftiest mind and nature possessed
Hath been raised up to the mansions blest.
As if not right to be seen, he engraves
The goddess naked but veiled by the waves.
But over these, like a beam of light
She floats upborne, a wondrous sight
And with her delicate hands she guides
Her fair form through the streaming tides
With her rosy breasts 'neath her neck divine
She cuts the waves of the foamy brine
And from the calm sea o'er the surface she towers
Like a lily entwined about with flowers
And carried above the silvery tides

On dancing dolphins, she gaily rides.
Here too are Cupid and laughing Desire
Intent upon lighting Love's merciless fire.
And on the waves like a sunbeam's glance
The sportive fishes circle and dance.
And fair Cytherea the whole is beguiling
That she may swim o'er the bright waters,
smiling.

ODE FIFTY-EIGHT

To Gold

WHEN gold evades me with wind-swift feet
And ever escapes like a fugitive fleet,
I chase it not as it hurries away.
For who doth wish for a hateful prey?
And having withdrawn from this fugitive, gold,
I fling to the breezes the troubles that hold
My soul in bondage, and seizing my lyre
I tune it to measures that Love doth inspire.
But when again my heart doth teach
Me to exult, with artful speech
The fugitive bringing to me unawares
Strong wine, hath filled my soul with cares
And seizing my lute whence I listless arose
Hath filled my soul with a burden of woes.
In vain, O faithless, faithless gold,
May I through thy wiles be controlled
Give ear to the yearning strings of my lute
Which are sweeter to me than this empty pursuit.

ODE FIFTY-NINE

To Wine

THE joyous youths and maidens fair
Upon their shoulders in baskets bear
The dark-skinned clusters of grapes, and pour
Their burdens down to the wine vat floor.
The men alone tread the mellow grapes
And from the clusters the wine escapes.
In praise of the god exulting rise
The strains of the vintage hymns to the skies
While in the wine jars the beautiful hue
Of the fresh bubbling wine they joyfully
view.
And whensoever this nectar sweet
The old man drinks, with trembling feet
He mingles himself with the young and fair
And dances while shaking his grizzly hair.
But this lovely youth in ambuscade
Concealed and lying in wait for a maid—
Who burdened by sleep on the shady leaves,
Hath spread her limbs, his victim deceives.
A love untimely doth he fashion
Making her yield to his guilty passion,

And unpersuaded with words he presses
The unwilling maiden with lawless caresses.
For Bacchus sports without control
With youths who crown his foaming bowl.

ODE SIXTY

To Apollo

NO prize hath been agreed upon
But I will take my barbiton
And unto all shall be my care
The choicest of my skill to bear.
Beneath my ivory plectrum's blow
A limpid stream of song shall flow
With Phrygian measures, like a swan
Caystor's water floating on
With sportive wings, my changeful song
Shall with the winds be borne along.
And thou, O Muse, join thou with me
The chorus which I sing to thee,
For ever Phoebus doth desire
The tripod, laurel and the lyre.
But Phoebus' love, so hard to seize,
I chatter to the harmless breeze—
For when his wooing to escape
The prudent maiden changed her shape
She turned into a blooming tree.
But Phoebus, O sad Phoebus! He
Thinking to o'er rule the maid,

Beneath the tree's illusive shade
Plucked therefrom a verdant leaf
Expecting thus to end his grief.
Why dost thou press on, O my soul,
And madly seek a maddening goal?
Bear the hard shot, thy blows at most
Have driven the watchman from his post.
Leave then the bow to Aphrodite
With which she conquers e'en the mighty.
And praise Anacreon; for his lyre
Still vibrates with celestial fire.
To children pledge the lovely bowl
That flows with words from soul to soul.
And from the nectar drinking deep
Let us our madness lull to sleep
And let us all our efforts shape
From maddening frenzy to escape.

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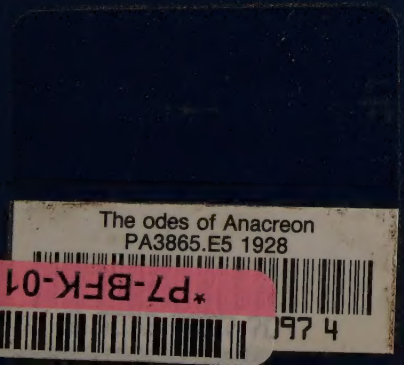
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